

PARKINSON'S SELECTION OF ENGLISH VERSE

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FOR

THE MATRICULATION AND
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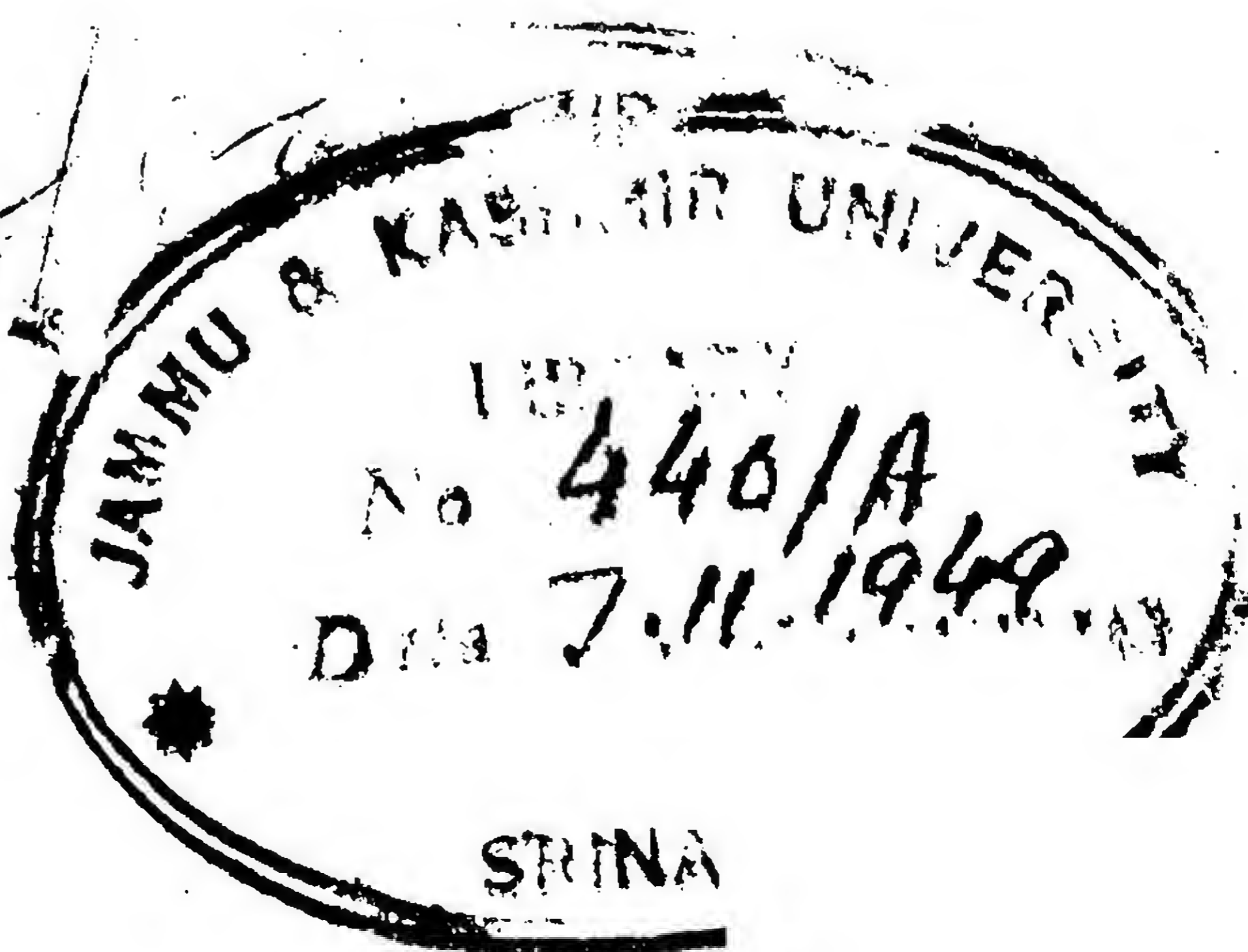
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LAHORE

PREFACE

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THE DAFFODILS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I wandered lonely as a cloud,
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. 6
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. 12
The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought. 18
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils. 24

BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

BY WORDSWORTH.

The charities that soothe and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts;

No mystery is here,—no special boon
For high and not for low,—for proudly graced,
And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
As from the haughty palace.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

By R. SOUTHEY.

It was a summer evening,

Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door

Was sitting in the sun ;

And by him sported on the green

His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin

Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet

In playing there had found :

He came to ask what he had found

That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,

Who stood expectant by ;

And then the old man shook his head,

And with a natural sigh,

"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,

"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,

For there's many here about,

And often when I go to plough

The ploughshare turns them out.

For many thousand men," said he,

"Were slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about"

Young Peterkin he cries.

And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder waiting eyes
 "Now tell us all about the war.
 And what they fought each other for."
 "It was the English," Kaspar cried
 "Who put the French to rout,
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out,
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory."
 "My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burned his dwelling to the ground
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled
 Nor had he where to rest his head.
 "With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died.
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.
 "They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know must be
 After a famous victory.
 "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
 And our good Prince Eugene."
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine;
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory."

30

36

42

48

54

60

"And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win!"
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin,
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

ABOU BEN ADHEM

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered "The names of those who love the
 Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men." 14
 The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had
 blessed,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest. 18

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

BY CHARLES WOLFE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried. 4
 We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning. 8
 No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him. 12
 Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was
 dead, 16
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
 We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
 his head, 20
 And we far away on the billow !
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him. 24
 But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing. 28
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line and we raised not a stone
 But we left him with his glory ! 32

6 123 42
CASABIANCA

BY MRS. HEMANS

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame, that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him—o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood;
A proud though childlike form !

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word ;—
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud : "Say, father ! say
If yet my task be done ?"—
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father !" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone !
"And"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father ! must I stay ?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way :
They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,

And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

32

There came a burst of thundur sound,

The boy !—oh, where was he ?
Ask of the winds, that far around

With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,

That well had borne their part !

But the noblest thing that perished there,

Was that young faithful heart !

40

HORATIUS.

BY MACAULAY

But the consul's brow was sad,

And the consul's speech was low ;

And darkly looked he at the wall,

And darkly at the foe;

Their vain will be upon us

Before the bridge goes down;

And if they once may win the bridge,

What hope to save the town ?

8

Then out spake brave Horatius.

The captain of the gate :

“To every man upon this earth,

Death cometh soon or late ;

And how can man die better

Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers

And the temples of his gods ?

16

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,

With all the speed ye may ;

I, with two more to help me,

Will hold the foe in play :

In you strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now, who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
 A Ramnian proud was he;
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius;
 Of Titian blood was he;
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."

And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three,
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
 The consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe;
 And Fathers mixed with Commons
 Seized hatchet, bar and crow,
 And smote upon the plank above
 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile, the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

59

The Three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter,
 From all the vanguard rose;
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array:
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew;
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way.

68

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus,
 Into the stream beneath;
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth;
 At Picus brave Horatius
 D~~arted~~ one fiery thrust,
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

76

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard amongst the foes:
 A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' length from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

84

But hark! the cry is "Astur";
 And lo! the ranks divide;

And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride,
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
 A smile serene and high ;
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye,
 Quoth he, "The she wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay ;
 But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way ?"

100

Then whirling up his broad sword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rushed against Horatius
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 The blow though turned, came yet too nigh ;
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh ;
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

110

He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space ;
 Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face,
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

118

A NATION'S STRENGTH

BY R. W. EMERSON

NOT gold, but only men can make
 A people great and strong—
 Men who, for truth and honour's sake
 Stand fast and suffer long. 4
 Brave men who work while others sleep,
 Who dare while others fly—
 They build a nation's pillars deep,
 And lift them to the sky. 8

A PSALM OF LIFE

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul. 8

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day. 12
 Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave. 16
 In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife ! 20

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead ! 24

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing, leave behind us
 Footprints, on the sands of time;— 28

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again. 32

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour, and to wait. 36

EXCELSIOR

By H. W. LONGFELLOW

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
 A banner, with the strange device,
 Excelsior; 5

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior ! 10

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior 15

“Try not the Pass !” the old man said ;
 “Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide !”
 And loud that clarion voice replied,

Excelsior ! 20

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast !”
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered, with a sigh.

Excelsior ! 25

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
 Beware the awful avalanche !”
 This was the peasant’s last Good-night ;
 A voice replied far up the height,

Excelsior ! 30

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,

Excelsior ! 35

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Half buried in snow was found,
 Still grasping his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,

Excelsior ! 40

There in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far
 A voice fell, like a falling star,

Excelsior !

THE BUILDERS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

All are architects of Fate

Working in these walls of time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

5

Nothing useless is, or low ;

Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show

Strengthens and supports the rest.
For the structure that we raise,

Time is with materials filled ;

10

Our to days and yesterdays

Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;

Leave no yawning gaps between ;

Think not, because no man sees,

15

Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,

Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;

For the gods see everywhere.

20

Let us do our work as well,

Both the unseen, and the seen ;

Make the house, where God may dwell,

Beautiful, entire, and clean.

25

Else our lives are incomplete,

Standing in these walls of Time,

Broken stairways, where the feet

Stumble as they seek, to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,

With a firm and ample base ;

30

And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.

35

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

BY LORD TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade !
 Charge for the guns ! " he said :
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

8

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"
 Was there a man dismay'd ?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Someone had blunder'd :
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

17

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death

Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

26

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd.

Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke

Shatter'd and sunder'd
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred

38

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

49

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd,
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred?

55

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING

BY CHARLES MACKAY

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming

We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.

Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

9

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.

Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger,
The proper impulse has been given—
Wait a little longer.

18

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.

Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
Wait a little longer,

27

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger,

'Twill be strong enough one day—

36

Wait a little longer.

TRY AGAIN

BY ELIZA COOK

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down

In a lonely mood to think ;

'Tis true he was monarch and wore a crown,

But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,

To make his people glad ;

He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,

And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair.

As grieved as man could be,

And after a while, as he pondered there,

I'll give it all up," said he

12

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,

With its silken cobweb clue,

And the king in the midst of his thinking

stopped

To see what the spider would do.

16

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,

And it hung by a rope so fine,

That how it would get to its cobweb home

King Bruce could not divine.

20

It soon began to cling and crawl

Straight up with strong endeavour ;

But down it came with a slippery sprawl,

As near to the ground as ever.

24

Up, up it ran, not a second could stay,

To utter the least complaint,

Till it fell still lower, and there it lay,

A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,

28

And travelled a half-yard higher ;
 'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
 And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
 But again it quickly mounted,
 Till up and down, now fast now slow,
 Nine brave attempts were counted.

36

"Sure," cried the king, that foolish thing
 Will strive no more to climb
 When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
 And tumbles every time."

40

But up the insect went once more—
 Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute.

He's only a foot from his cobweb door;
 Oh, say, will he lose or win it ?
 Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,

44

Higher and higher he got,
 And a bold little run at the very last pinch
 Put him into his native cot.

48

"Bravo ! bravo !" the King cried out,
 "All honour to those who try !

The spider up there defied despair ;

He conquered, and why should not I ?"

52

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind.

And gossips tell the tale.
 That he tried once more as he tried before,
 And that time did not fail.

52

YUSSOUF

BY J. R. LOWELL.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,

Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,

Against whose life the bow of power is bent :

कामान

Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;
 I come to thee for shelter and for food,
 To Yussouf called through all our tribes
 'The Good.'

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf but no more
 Than it is God's ; come in and be at peace
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
 As I of His who buildeth over these
 Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
 And at whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay.' "

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night
 And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold :
 My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,
 Depart before the prying day grow bold !"
 As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
 So nobleness enkindleth nobleness

20

That inward light the stranger's face made grand
 Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling
 low,

He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
 Sobbing, "O Sheikh, I cannot leave thee so ;
 I will repay thee; all this thou hast done,
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son !"

20

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf ; "for with
 thee
 Into the desert, never to return,

My one black thought shall ride away from me ;
 First born, for whom by day and night I yearn.
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
 Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace ! "

WHAT I LIVE FOR

BY G. L. BANKS

I LIVE for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true ;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too ;
 For all human ties that bind me,
 For the task by God assigned me,
 For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

8

I live to learn their story
 Who've suffered for my sake ;
 To emulate their glory,
 And follow in their wake ;
 Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
 The noble of all ages,
 Whose deeds crown History's pages,
 And Time's great volume make.

16

I live to hold communion
 With all that is divine ;
 To feel there is union
 'Twixt Nature's heart and mine ;
 To profit by affliction,
 Reap truth from fields of fiction,
 Grow wiser from conviction,
 And fulfil each grand design.

24

I live to hail that season,
 By gifted minds foretold,
 When men shall live by reason,
 And not alone by gold ;
 When man to man untied,
 And every wrong thing righted,
 The whole world shall be lighted
 As Eden was of old.

32

I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true ;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too ;
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

40

NOW

BY A. A. PROCTER

RISE ! for the day is passing
 And you lie dreaming on ;
 The others have buckled their armour,
 And forth to the fight are gone :
 A place in the ranks awaits you,
 Each man has some part to play ;
 The Past and the future are nothing,
 In the face of the stern To-day.

8

Rise from your dreams of the future—
 Of gaining some hard-fought field ;
 Of storming some airy fortress,
 Or bidding some giant yield :
 Your future has deeds of glory,
 Of honour (God grant it may !)
 But your arm will never be stronger,
 Or the need so great as To-day.

16

Rise ! if the Past detains you,
 Her sunshine and storms forget ;
 No chains so unworthy to hold you
 As those of a vain regret :
 Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
 Cast her phantom arms away,

Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a noble strife To-day.

24

Rise ! for the day is passing :
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle
Arise ! for the foe is here !

Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past !

32

I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY

BY SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE.

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things
above—

Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my
love,

The love that asks no questions : the love
that stands the test,

That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:

The love that never falters, the love that
pays the price,

The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long
ago—

Most dear to them that love her, most great to
them that know—

We may not count her armies; we may not see
her king—

Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is
suffering—

10

And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds
increase,

And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her
path are peace.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

BY SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

It's good to see the School we knew,
The land of youth and dream,
To greet again the rule we knew
Before we took the stream ;
Though long we've missed the sight of her,
Our hearts may not forget :
We've lost the old delight of her,
We keep her honour yet.

8

We'll honour yet the School we knew.
The best School of all ;
We'll honour ye yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call—

For, working days and holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days,
At the best School of all.

16

The stars and sounding vanities
The half the crewd bewitch,
What are they but inanities
To him that treads the pitch ?
And where's the wealth, I'm wondering,
Could buy the cheers that roll
When the last charge goes thundering
Beneath the twilight goal ?

24

The men that tanned the hide of us,
Our daily foes and friends,
They shall not lose their pride of us,
Howe'er the journey ends.

Their voice, to us who sing of it,
 No more its message bears,
 But the round world shall ring of it
 And all we are be theirs.

32

To speak of Fame a venture is,
 There's little here can bide,
 But we may face the centuries,
 And dare the deepening tide ;
 For though the dust that's part of us
 To dust again be gone,
 Yet here shall beat the heart of us—
 The School we handed on.

40

We'll honour yet the School we knew,
 The best School of all ;
 We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
 Till the last bell call.
 For, working days and holidays,
 And glad or melancholy days,
 They were great days and jolly days
 At the best School of all.

VITAI LAMPADA

BY SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

There's a breathless hush in the close to-night—
 Ten to make and the match to win—
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light
 An hour to play and the match to win—
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote ;
 "Play up ! play up ! and play the game !"
 The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke:—

The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke
 The river of death has brimmed his banks
 And England's far, and Honour a name
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
 "Play up ! play up ! and play the game !"
 This is the word that year by year
 Whistle in her place the School is set
 Even one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dares forget.
 This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
 And falling, fling to the host behind—
 "Play up ! play up ! and play the game !"

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
 Our love and toil in the years to be;
 When we are grown and take our place,
 As men and women with our race.
 Father in Heaven who lovest all,
 Oh help Thy children when they call;
 That they may build from age to age,
 An undefiled heritage. 8
 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth.
 With steadfastness and careful truth ;
 That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
 The Truth whereby the Nations live. 12
 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
 Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
 That we may bring, if need arise,
 No maimed or worthless sacrifice. 16

Teach us to look in all our ends,
 On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;
 That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
 By fear or favour of the crowd. 20
 Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
 By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
 That, under Thee, we may possess
 Man's strength to comfort man's distress, 24
 Teach us Delight in simple things,
 And Mirth that has no bitter springs ;
 Forgiveness free of evil done,
 And Love to all men 'neath the sun ! 28
*Land of our Birth our faith our pride,
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;
 Oh Motherland. we pledge to thee.
 Head, heart, and hand through the years to be ! 32*

LAUGH AND BE MERRY

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

Laugh and be merry, remember, better the
 world with a song
 Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a
 wrong
 Laugh; for the time is brief, a thread the length
 of a span
 Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud
 pageant of man
 Laugh and be merry; remember, in olden time, 6
 God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in
 a rhyme.
 Made them, and filled them full with the strong
 red wine of His mirth,
 The splendid joy of the stars; the joy of the
 earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue
cup of the sky.
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping
by. 10
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the
wine outpoured,
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the
Lord.
Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin.
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful
inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the
music ends.
Laugh, till the game is played ; and be you merry
my friends.

THE SUPPLIANT DOVE

BY R. T. H. GRIFFITH.

Chased by a hawk, there came a dove
With worn and weary wing,
And took her stand upon the hand
Of Kasi's noble king.
The monarch smoothed her ruffled plumes
And laid her on his breast ;
And cried, "No fear shall vex thee here,
Rest, pretty egg-born, rest ! 8
Fair Kasi's realm is rich and wide,
With golden harvests gay,
But all that's mine will I resign,
Ere, I my guest betray." 12
But, panting for his half-won spoil,
The hawk was close behind,

While women's cries smote on the skies
 With loud lament and wail.
 He hacked the flesh from side and arm,
 From chest and back and thigh,
 But still above the little dove
 The monarch's scale stood high. 52
 He heaped the scale with piles of flesh,
 With sinews blood and skin,
 And when alone was left him bone
 He threw himself therein. 56
 Then thundered voices through the air ;
 The sky grew black as night ;
 And fever took the earth that shook
 To see that wondrous sight. 60
 The blessed gods, from every sphere,
 By Indra led, came nigh ;
 While drum and flute and shell and lute
 Made music in the sky.
 They rained immortal chaplets down,
 Which hands celestial twine,
 And softly shed upon his head
 Pure Amrit, drink divine. 68
 Then God and Seraph. Bard and Nymph
 Their heavenly voices raised,
 And a glad throng with dance and song
 The glorious monarch praised.
 They set him on a golden car
 That blazed with many a gem ;
 Then swiftly through the air they flew,
 And bore him home with them. 76
 Thus Kasils lord, by noble deed,
 Won Heaven and deathless fame ;
 And when the weak protection seek
 From thee, do thou the same. 80

- And with wild eye and eager cry
Came swooping down the wind ; 16
- "This bird," he cried, "my destined prize,
'Tis not for thee to shield ;
'Tis mine by right and toilsome flight
O'er hill and dale and field. 20
- Hunger and thirst oppress me sore,
And I am faint with toil ;
Thou shouldst not stay a bird of prey
Who claims his rightful spoil. 42
- They say thou art a glorious king,
And justice is thy care ;
Then justly reign in thy domain,
No rob the birds of air." 28
- Then cried the king : "A cow or deer
For thee shall straightaway bleed,
Or let a ram or tender lamb
Be slain, for thee to feed. 32
- Mine oath forbids me to betray
My little twice-born guest ;
See, how she clings, with trembling wings,
To her protector's breast." 36
- "No flesh of lambs," the hawk replied,
"No blood of deer for me ;
The falcon loves to feed on doves
And such is Heaven's decree.
But if affection for the dove
Thy pitying heart has stirred,
Let thine own flesh my maw refresh,
Weighed down against the bird." 44
- He carved the flesh from off his side,
And threw it in the scale,

SPEAK GENTLY

ANONYMOUS

SPEAK Gently; it is better far
 To rule by love than fear,
 Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
 The good we may do here.

4

Speak gently to the little child;
 Its love be sure to gain;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild,
 It may not long remain.

8

Speak gently to the aged one;
 Grieve not the care-worn heart,
 Whose sands of life are nearly run :
 Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
 Dropped in the heart's deep well;
 The good, the joy that it may bring
 Eternity shall tell.

16

HAPPINESS

ANONYMOUS

Just to be tender, just to be true ;
 Just to be glad the whole day through ;
 Just to be merciful, just to be dmil;
 Just to be trustful as a child ,
 Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
 Just to be helpful with willing feet ;
 Just to be cheery when things go wrong ;
 Just to drive sadness away with a song :
 Whether the hour is dark or bright,
 Just to be loyal to God and right.

10

BE KIND

ANONYMOUS.

Be kind to thy father : for when thou wast
 young,
 Who loved thee as fondly as he ?
 He caught the first accent that fell from thy
 tongue.

And joined in thine innocent glee.
 Be kind to thy father ; for now he is old,
 His locks intermingled with gray :
 His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
 Thy father is passing away. 8

Be kind to thy mother : for, lo ! on her brow
 May traces of sorrow be seen ;
 Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her
 now,
 For loving and kind hath she been.
 Remember thy mother : for thee will she pray,
 As long as God giveth her breath ;
 With accents of kindness, then cheer her lone
 way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death. 16

Be kind to thy brother : his heart will have
 dearth,

If the smile of thy love be withdrawn :
 Be kind to thy brother : wherever you are,
 The love of a brother shall be
 An ornament purer and richer by far
 Than pearls from the depths of the sea. 24

Be kind to thy sister : not many may know
 The depth of true sisterly love ;

The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
 The surface that sparkles above.
 Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet
 hours,
 And blessings thy pathway to crown ;
 Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
 More precious than wealth or renown. 32

SALADIN'S GIFT

ANONYMOUS.

King Richard rode his steed Faudelle,
 The proudest steed in all the fray,
 And deeds of wondrous might he wrought
 Against the Saracen that day. 4
 When, lo ! a shaft smote proud Faudelle,
 And pierced her throat full deep and sore ;
 She fell, and gasped her life away—
 King Richard's charger was no more. 8
 "Farewell," he cried, "comrade and friend,
 Faithful and true with latest breath !
 I'll fight on foot, and ere the night
 I will avenge thy cruel death." 12
 Now Saladin the Saracen,
 Spurring across that stricken field,
 Saw Richard's charger lying dead,
 And he on foot with sword and shield. 16
 "Go," said the Sultan to his squire,
 "Bring here a barb of royal strain,
 That fitly yonder English king
 May in the fight be horsed again." 20
 Fast spurred the squire across the plain,
 And led with him an Arab steed
 Straight to the English lines and checked
 By Richard's side his charger's speed. 24

“For thee from Saladin”!! he cried,

“From one who needs must wish thee well—
A knightly token ; may it prove

Some solace for thy dead Faudelle.” 28

King Richard doffed his casque and said,

“Thy master’s kingly heart I know ;
My thanks to Saladin the Great,

In sooth he is a noble foe !” 32

And when the weary war was o’er,

And Richard feasted with his kin,
He loved to tell the tale, and praise

The chivalry of Saladin. 36

“You call him pagan,” he would say

“And infidel ; well be it so ;

I’d rather battle by his side

Than by some Christain kings, I know.” 40

NOTES.

THE DAFFODILS.

William Wordsworth (1770—1850) a famous English poet, lived for a most part of his life in the beautiful Lake District. He loved Nature, and saw wonder in common things.

This poem is among his best-known nature poems. It was inspired by the sight of a “host” of daffodils along the margin of a Lake. We experience, with the poet, the sensations of pleasure that he felt when he saw them—“ten thousand at a glance tossing their heads in sprightly dance.”

- Line 4. **host**—great number.
- “ 4. **daffodils**—yellow, cup shaped flowers.
- “ 6. **fluttering**—swaying, moving gently.
- “ 7. **continuous**—going on and on.
- “ 8. **the milky way**—a band of countless stars encircling the heavens.
- “ 10. **margin**—edge, shore.
- “ 12. **sprightly**—lively.
- “ 16. **Jocund**—jolly,
- “ 18. **show**—sight, scene.
- “ 20. **vacant**—idle.
- “ 20. **pensive**—thoughtful and sad.
- “ 21. **inward eye**—the mind; the memory of things we have seen before.
- “ 22. **solitude**—loneliness.

Questions.

1. How did the poet feel before he saw the daffodils?
2. Pick out the lines that describe the

daffodils, and those that express the poet's feeling.
 3. Explain the expressions, "jocund company," "vacant mood," "bliss of solitude."

4. What "wealth" had the sight brought to the poet? Read the verse that tells this.

BELEIVE IT OR NOT.

William Wordsworth.

It is not the rich and noble alone who can be generous and kind. Even those who are poor can help others by their kind thoughts and good actions. God does not make a difference between the offerings of the rich and those of the Poor.

Notes.

- Line 1. **charities**—kind acts.
 " 3. **generous inclination**—desire to do good.
 " 5. **no mystery**—nothing strange and impossible.
 " 6. **proudly graced**—the noble and rich.
 " 7. **meek of heart**—simple folk.
 " 9. **haughty**—refers to the people—not to the palace.

Questions.

1. Make clear the comparison between kind acts and flowers. Is the comparison true?
2. Explain the metaphor contained in the last sentence—"the smoke ascends.....palace."
3. "Haughty palace"—What figure of speech is this? Give other examples.

THE BATTLE O' BLENHEIM.

Robert Southey.

This poem is a simple narrative. The old grandfather Kaspar, is so accustomed to war, though he knows its horrors, that it seems to him a

rather fine thing—a pathway to fame. But the grand-children instinctively feel its wickedness and get nearer the truth.

Notes.

- Line 5. **sported**—played.
 „ 5. **the green**—grassland or meadow.
 „ 14. **expectant**—expectantly *i.e.*, waiting to hear what his grand father was going to say.
 „ 18. **the great Victory**—the victory of Blenheim.
 „ 22. **ploughshare**—the cutting blade of a plough.
 „ 32. **put to rout**—defeated.
 „ 37. **Blenheim**—a town in Bavaria. A battle was fought there in 1704.
 „ 39. **dwelling**—house, place of residence.
 „ 50. **field**—battle.

Questions.

1. What did Peterkin find near the river?
2. Who was victorious in the Battle of Blenheim, and who was defeated?
3. Describe the condition of the town after the battle.
4. What do you think is the moral of the poem?

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Leigh Hunt (1784—1859) was a poet and essayist. He was a friend of Byron and other poets of his time.

The lesson of this short poem is that he who loves his fellow-men loves God.

Note.

- Line 2. **dream of peace**—a quiet peaceful dream
—not a nightmare.
- „ 6. **exceeding**—very great. Here an adjective. Write a sentence using **exceed** as a verb. Abou was not afraid of the angel because his heart was free of sin.
- „ 7. **presence**—the angel present. Should **presence** have a capital letter?
- “ 8. **vision**—the angel, the heavenly being.
- “ 9. **accord**—consent, suggests kindly willingness.
- “ 11. **low**—humbly.
- “ 13. **cheerly**—answered cheerfully.
- „ 18. **led**—was at the head of the list.

Questions.

1. What lesson do you learn from this poem?
2. What is the meaning of line 4?
3. Translate into the vernacular: “The angel came with a great wakening light.” (Do not translate word for word but give the meaning.)
4. Tell the story in one short paragraph.
5. Abou's name led all the rest. What does this show?

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Charles Wolfe (1791—1823) was an Irish Clegryman and poet. This is his only poem of merit.

During the Peninsular War in 1809 the English forces pressed back by the French retreated to Corunna, a port on the north-west coast of Spain. Here the French tried to prevent the English forces from embarking on ships, but were repulsed. Sir

John, the Commander, was killed and hastily buried on the ramparts.

Notes.

Line 1—4. It is customary on the burial of a soldier to beat the drum and fire a volley over his grave. But there was no time for this.

Line 2. **corpse**—dead body. (Do not confuse with **corps**, which means a body of soldiers and is pronounced core.)

Line 3. **discharged**—fired.

„ 5. **darkly**—secreterly.

„ 7. What kind of a night was it, if the moon-beams had to struggle to give misty light?

„ 9. **coffin**—box or case for a dead body.

„ 9. **breast**—here means body.

„ 10. **shroud**—garment for a dead body.

Line 17—18. A euphemistic way of saying, “we thought as we dug his grave.”

„ 21—22. Moore was blamed for his mistakes but even the French admitted that his action was necessitated by the difficulties of the situation.

Line 21 **lightly**—Without consideration, with rebuke.

„ 22 **upbraid**—blame.

„ 23 **reck**—care.

„ 25 **but**—only (here an adverb).

„ 27 **random**—to fire at random means to fire without taking particular aim.

„ 30 Note the alliteration, which is the repetition of the same sound.

From the field of hts fame, fresh and gory.
 Line 31-32. A monument was later erected at
 Corunna in his honour.

Read *Fight for the Flag* by Rev. W. H. Fitchett, published by Murray. This is full of exciting stories and describes in a vivid way the retreat and the fight. Ask your teacher to get it for the library.

Questions.

1. What ceremonies are performed at the burial of the soldier?
2. Describe the burial. (Imagine you were one of the burial party.)
3. Give in your own words the thoughts of the soldiers at the time of the burial.
4. What is (a) euphemism. (b) alliteration? Give examples of each from this and from other poets.
5. Tell the story of the Burial in simple prose.

CASABIANCA

Mrs. Hemans (1794—1835), a poetess, wrote short patriotic poems and ballads.

The father of Casabianca was the captain of the French warship *Orient*, at the battle of the Nile, 1798. Rather than surrender he blew up the ship after the crew had left. Both he and his son, a boy of about 10 years of age, perished. Compare the obedience of this young hero with that of the soldiers in the poem, *The Light Brigade*.

Notes.

Lines 1-4. The ship was on fire and the crew had left.

Line 2. **but**—a preposition meaning “except.” If the line were ‘Whence all but he had,’ “**but**” would then be a conjunction. What part of speech is **but** in line 25.

„ 19. **and**—notice the sudden break. What do you think it emphasizes?

„ 27. **shroud**—the ropes from the mast to the side of a ship.

„ 33. **a burst of thunder**—the noise caused by the explosion of the powder magazine.

„ 37. **pennon**—or pennant. A narrow streamer or flag flown from top of the mast.

Questions.

1. Give in simple prose the meaning of—

(a) Lines 4-8.

(b) Lines 23-24.

2. Why did the father not answer the boy?

3. Try to picture the boy standing alone on the blazing ship with cannon-balls flying round and surrounded by the dead. Was he wise in staying there or should he have tried to escape? (This topic will be suitable for oral discussion)

4. The boy was killed by the blowing up of the ship. What lines in the poem tell you this?

5. What does the writer mean by saying that “mast and helm and pennon fair” had borne their part well? (Lines 37, 38).

HORATIUS.

Thomas Babington. Lord Macaulay (1880-

1859), was a famous historian and essayist. He served as an official in Bengal, and it is largely due to him that the education of Indians developed on Western lines.

The tarquins had been exepelled from Rome and about 507 B. C. Lars Porsena their leader, with a large Tarquin and Etruscan army, marched to capture Rome. Horatius, with Lartius and Herminius, defended the bridge across the tiber until the Romans could break it down.

Notes.

- Line 1. **consul**—the bhief Roman magistrate,
 „ 3. **darkly**—gloomily — this adverb is not usually used in prose.
 „ 5. **van**—vanguard, the advance guard.
 Lines 6-8. The bridge which spanned the river Tiber was the easiest way to get into the city. The consul feared that if the enemy captured the bridge, then there was no hope of saving the town.
 Line 7. Notice the use of **win** in such phrases as **Win a march** or **a competition**, and in **win a prize** or **a cup**.
 Line 10. **captain of the gate**—captain of the forces guarding the gate at the city end of the bridge.
 Lines 15-16. Mean that it would be a glorious death to die in an attempt to save the graves and temples of the city (both holy places).
 Line 20. will keep the foe occupied
 „ 21. **yon**—yonder, over there. What was the “straight path” ?

- „ 24. **keep**—guard.
 „ 26. **Ramnian**—the Roman nobles were divided into three tribes of which the Ramnian and Titian were two.
 „ 30. **Titian**—see note on **Ramnian**; line 26
 „ 31. **abide**—stay, remain, stand.
 „ 33. **quoth**—said. Rarely used in prose.
 „ 35. **straight**—At once. Find other meanings.
 „ 35. **array**—army.
 „ 36. **dauntless**—brave. The suffix **less** means **without**. Dauntless means without daunt or fear. Note other words ending in **less; fearless; painless**, etc.)
 Lines 36-40. These lines mean that the **Romans**, when fighting for their country, put country before wealth or family.
 Line 41. Why is **Three** written with a capital letter?
 „ 42. **harness**—armour.
 „ 45. **Fathers**—nobles and Patricians (as they were called.)
 „ 45. **Commons**—the ordinary people or Plebeians.
 „ 46. **hatchet**—axe.
 „ 46. **crow**—crowbar, a bar of iron used as a lever.
 „ 48. **props**—supporting beams or pillars.
 „ 50. **right**—very—an idiomatic use of “right”.
 Line 49-53. The Tuscan army was a glorious spectacle as the sun shone on their ranks and equipment, giving the appearance of a sea of gold.

- Line 51. **flashing back**—reflecting.
- Line 52. **surges**—waves
- „ 56. **measured tread**—steady march.
- „ 57. **ensigns**—banners.
- „ 62. Why did the vanguard laugh?
- „ 72. **clove**—cut, severed.
- „ 74. **fiery**—here means “vicious.”
- „ 83. **space**—a little time, usually refers to distance.
- „ 85. **Astur**—an Etruscan chief, “The Lord of Luna.”
- „ 89. **ample**—huge.
- „ 90. **fourfold shield**—made of four layers. of wood or leather).
- „ 91. **brand**—sword.
- Line 93-96. He appreciated the bravery of the three Romans, and despised the cowardice of the Tuscans.
- „ 95. **flinching**—shrinking, giving way.
- „ 97. **the she wolf's litter**—the Romans, An old legend states that Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were nourished by a wolf.
- „ 98. **at bay**—on guard.
- „ 106. **deftly**—skilfully. Note the adverbial suffix “ly.” Give other adverbs ending in “ly.”

Questions.

Tell the story briefly under the heads.

(a) The consul's fear.

(b) Horatius offers to guard the bridge until it is destroyed.

(c) The fight with the three chiefs.

(d) The fight with Astur.

A NATION'S STRENGTH.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803—1882) was an American poet and essayist.

The writer tells us that a nation is great not because of its wealth but because of the high moral courage and ideals of its people, and that the foundation of its greatness will not be strong unless the people are brave and industrious.

Note that the poet mentions only men, but in this term he includes women.

What is the meaning of (a) lines 3,4 (b) lines 7,8 Translate these into the vernacular.

Learn these 8 lines by heart.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807—1882), an American poet and friend of Emerson, was Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University.

The poem, a song of life, gives us the poet's idea of life. In his opinion life is given us to use in striving to attain higher and nobler things.

Notes.

In the first two lines the poet denies a supposed statement that life is meaningless.

Line 1. **mournful**—sad, depressing.

„ 1. **numbers**—verses.

„ 2. **empty dream**—an unreality, meaningless and aimless.

„ 3. The soul that is not striving for better things may be regarded as dead.

4. There is more in life than at first

appears.

„ 6. **goal**—end.

„ 7. A quotation from the Bible. It refers to the body.

„ 10. **destined end**—What we are living for.

„ 12. **farther**—better in wisdom and goodness.

„ 13. We have much to do, but little time for it.

„ 13. **Fleeting**—rapidly passing away.

„ 15. **muffled**—deadened. A cord is passed round the drum to deaden its sound, when the drum is beaten at the funeral of a soldier.

„ 17. In the fight between good and evil.

„ 18. **bivouac**—(pronounced bivwack) an encampment in the open air.

Lines 21-24. Do not waste time in dreaming of what you are going to do in the future or in regretting your missed opportunities of the past. Strive now, remembering God is watching and will help.

Line 26. **sublime**—noble.

„ 27. **departing**—when we die.

Lines 27-28. When we die, we can leave behind us a noble example for others to follow.

„ 30. **solemn**—grave, mysterious.

„ 30. **main**—sea. The life of a man being compared with a journey over the sea.

„ 31. **forlorn**—in pitiable state, unhappy.

„ 31. **shipwrecked brother**—one who had so far made wreck of his life by evil living.

- „ 32. **take heart** —be encouraged.
 „ 35. Never satisfied with what we have done
 but ever pressing forward.

Questions.

1. Write in one paragraph the lesson Longfellow teaches in this poem.
2. With what is life compared in this poem? Explain clearly the metaphor in verse 8?
3. Give the meaning of verses 3 and 6.
4. Write in one complex sentence the meaning of lines 24-32..
5. Analyse verse 3. What is the predicate of “to act” (line 11)?
6. Explain :
 “In the world’s broad field battle
 In the bivouac of Life.”
7. Read verses 7 and 8. How would any one sailing over the main see a footprint on the sand?

EXCELSIOR

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

This poem tells the story of a youth, who in spite of difficulties and repeated warnings, ever pressed forward to achieve his purpose. Though he died in his attempt to reach perfection, yet he is promised immortality by the voice from above.

The word “Excelsior” literally means “higher”

The youth is pictured as climbing a snowy peak in face of difficulties, of wind, ice, and other dangers. The summit of the peak may be regarded as perfection, and the path our road through life. The wind, ice, spectral glaciers, roaring torrents, avalanches and other obstacles are the trials we meet in the world. The lesson is that we must

strive to overcome all difficulties in our attempt to make ourselves better men.

Notes.

- Line 1. **the shades of night**—darkness.
 „ 2. **Alpine**—near the Alps, which is the highest mountain range in Europe.
 Line 3. **bore**—carried.
 „ 4. **device**—motto.
 „ 6. **why was** his brow sad? What does the word beneath govern?
 Lines 6-7. The flashing of his eye indicated his determination.
 Line 7. **falchion**—sword Give other words for swords in these poems.
 „ 8. **clarion**—a clear-sounding trumpet.
 „ 9. **accents**—sounds.
 „ 9. **unknown**—probably used to increase the idea of mystery.
 Compare **strange device** in line 4.
 Lines 11-5. The tempting warmth of the houses is contrasted with the horror of the cold ice; but with a groan to show he felt the temptation, he yet pressed on.
 Line 13. **spectral**—ghostly.
 „ 14. **glacier**—river of ice.
 „ 16. **lowers**—threatens; pronounced to rhyme with **sours**, not with **doors**.
 „ 19. **and—yet**—yet would give the contrast better.
 „ 21-25. In the last verse is an old man's warning. Now comes a maiden's appeal, yet neither deters him from his aim.
 Line 24. **with a sigh**—compare the groan in the

last verse.

- Line 26. **pine**—a tree which grows below the snow line, very similar to deodars of the Punjab.
- „ 26. **withered**—dead, probably shattered by lightning.
27. **avalanche**—a mass of snow or ice falling down a mountain.
- „ 28. **peasant**—countryman.
- „ 28. **last**—the last words said to the youth as he departed on his upward path.
- „ 32. **pious**—holy.
- „ 32. **Saint Bernard**—a holy man of the Middle Ages who founded an order of monks. One of their monasteries is situated in the Alps and the monks train a special breed of dogs called Saint Bernard dogs to find travellers who have lost their way and have been overcome with the cold. The dogs then lead the monks to them. See line 36.
- „ 33. **oft-repeated**—the monks prayed every morning at daybreak.
- „ 34. **startled**—usually applied to person when suddenly surprised. Here used to show the sudden break of silence.
- Line 38. **grasping**—showing that he still held to his purpose.
- „ 44. **falling star**—note the simile—a message from above that the youth had obtained a higher life.

Questions.

- I. What is a simile? Give two examples

from the poem and show the fitness of the comparison.

2. Tell the story in simple prose.

3. What is the lesson to be learnt from this poem? Name other poems in this selection which teach a similar lesson.

4. What part of speech is the word **above** in line 31? What part of speech is it usually?

5. Note the words, "At break of day." Give other words naming some part of the day and use them in sentences, (Dawn, dusk, evening twilight, noon, etc.)

THE BUILDERS.

Longfellow.

The world is one vast building and human beings its architects. We should all make our contribution, however humble, to the building of a clean and beautiful edifice.

Notes.

Line 1. We can all, to some extent, master our destiny.

„ 3. Notice the contrast between poets and men of action. Both are necessary in this world.

Lines 11-12. The present is an outcome of the past and future has its seeds in the present.

Line 14. **leave—between**—we should be thorough in our work. Ill performed deeds will check our progress in the future.

„ 30. **ample-base**—spacious foundation.

„ 34. **turrets**—small towers; high positions.

„ 36. **reach**—view.

Questions.

1. What view of life is expressed here by the poet.
2. In what sense are we all architects of fate?
3. Write a short essay on : "Each thing in its place is best."
4. How can we judge whether a man has lived well or ill ?

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Alfred Tennyson (1809—1892), afterwards Lord Tennyson, is one of the best known English poets. He wrote many ballads and longer poems and succeeded Wordsworth as poet Laureate. He was exceptional in gaining fame, wealth and title in his lifetime.

At the Battle of Balacalava in the Crimean War (1854), Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, sent an order to Lord Cardigan, the commander of the English Light Cavalry. The order was misunderstood, with the result that Lord Cardigan charged the Russian guns without hesitation, though he and all the soldiers knew that someone had made a mistake and that most of them were sure to be killed. Less than 200 men returned though the strength of the force was 673 (not 600).

In this poem, Tennyson has given enduring fame to the dauntless spirit which led the men to obey, though almost certain death was the result. In Casabianca we have a similar instance in the case of a young boy.

Notes.

Line 1. A league is 3 miles. Half-a-league should not be taken literally but is meant to show the cavalry had to ride a long way under fire.

Note the repetition of "half-a-league" to give emphasis.

Line 3. **the valley of Death**—the cavalry had to charge along a valley with guns on the three sides, so it was a valley of Death.

„ 4. **six hundred**—there were actually 673 men.

„ 6. **he**—Lord Cardigan—the Commander of Light Brigade.

„ 10. **dismay'd**—afraid.

Lines 11-12. Answer the question of line 10. "Not" here means "No not even."

Line 12. **someone had blunder'd**—it is not certain whether the messenger of the Commander-in-Chief or Lord Lucan who commanded the whole of the cavalry, misunderstood the order.

„ 13. **their**—it is not their duty.....

„ 18. **cannon**—a collective noun. (Give other examples.)

„ 21. **volley'd**—fired together.

Lines 24-25. Death and Hell are represented as devouring monsters. Note the capital letters.

„ 27. **sabre**—cavalry sword with curved blade. (Sabre is used as a verb in line 29).

„ 32. **battery**—a number of guns.

Line 33. **line**—the line of Russian soldiers.

- „ 34. **Cossack**—Russian cavalry.
 „ 41. **cannon behind them**—When they charged the cannon were in front of them as well as on both sides. On their retirement the cannon were behind them.
 „ 50. **when can their glory fade**—this question is an emphatic way of saying “Their glory shall never fade.”

Questions.

1. Tell the story of the Charge of the Light Brigade.
2. Write down instances of repetition of words. State what purpose such repetition serves.
3. Give the meaning of :
 Lines 10-15.
 27-38.
 „ 32-37.
4. Write an account of any other brave deed you have seen or read about.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

Charles Mackay (1814-1889) was a Scottish journalist who wrote number of short poems and songs.

This short poem tells us that a day will come, when wars shall cease, when right shall prevail over might, and when worth shall count more than birth. We should do all we can to bring this happy day nearer.

Look up in the dictionary the meaning of “Millennium.”

- Line 1. **good time**—here means an an era of happiness. Usually a good time” means a short period of enjoyment. Usually a good time” means a short period of enjoyment.
- „ 3. It may not come in our life-time.
- „ **glisten in the ray**—just as a ray of suushine causes objects to shine and look bright, so the good time coming shall bring brightness and joy to the earth.
- „ 6. Some think that war will bring about true happiness, but the writer believes that thought (or peace) is stronger than war.
- „ 8. **battle**—the fight for universal peace.
- „ 12. **supersede**—replace.
- „ 13. justice and not tyranny shall rule.
- „ 17. a proper start has been made. How ?
- „ 22. **monser of iniquity**—something foul and evil.
- „ 30. **us**—every woman and every man.
- „ 30. **aid**—assist.

Lines 33-34. These lines are another way of expressing the proverb : Every **little helps**.

Line 35. **twill**—it will. Compare “won’t” : “will not”.

- „ 36. **strong enough**—to overcome war.

Questions.

1. Describe the “Millennium.” Do you think “the good time” will ever come ?

What is a metaphor ? Write down a metaphor from the above poem and explain the meaning.

3. What is the meaning of (1) The pen is mightier than the sword.

(2) Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind. Does the second sentence mean that there shall be no more kingdoms ?

What is the verb corresponding to the noun "impulses" ? Give different ways of forming nouns from verbs, with illustrations.

5. Translate verse 3 into vernacular prose. Before beginning to write, think out the meaning of each point dealt with, in order to see that you understand the meaning clearly.

6. Analyse lines 30-32.

TRY AGAIN.

Eliza Cook (1818—1889), an English poetess wrote patriotic songs and ballads.

This poem tells of an incident in the life of King Robert Bruce of Scotland, and teaches us the value of perseverance and determination even in the most adverse circumstances.

At this time Robert Bruce led the Scotch against Edward I of England. The English were at first successful and Bruce had to flee. The story is told that Bruce was hiding in a cave when a body of English soldiers in search of him passed that way. After Bruce had gone in, a spider wove its web over a part of the mouth of the cave. On seeing this the English soldiers concluded that no one could be inside and passed on without searching the cave. Bruce later collected an army and inflicted a decisive defeat on the English at Bannockburn in 1314.

Read *The story of Robert* in the Strang Readers

published by the Oxford University Press. Ask your teacher to get it for the School library.

Notes.

- Lines 4-5. **the great deed**—to defeat the English.
- „ 9. **in low despair**—down hearted, discouraged.
- „ 11. **pondered**—thought.
- „ 12. means **I shall stop trying.**
- „ 14. **clue**—usually means a hint or a suggestive fact in an investigation but here it means a thread.
- „ 17. **ceiling dome**—rounded roof of the cave.
- „ 20. **divine**—think, make out. Here a verb —look up the meaning of divine as (a) noun (b) adjective.
- „ 22. **endeavour**—effort. What Part of speech is endeavour in this sentence? Use **endeavour** as verb.
- „ 23. **slippery sprawl**—just as one might slide headlong down a slippery slope.
- Lines 25-26. The spider did not stop to complain or to grumble but set about the task again. There is the lesson the writer wants her readers to learn—not to complain about difficulties or to talk of doing a thing, but to set about it.
- Line 28. **dizzy**—feeling dazed. What is the vernacular equivalent?
- „ 32. Because the thread was slender and slippery.
- „ 42. Why an anxious minute? Note that it was not the minute which was anxious, but the watcher.

„ 47. **last pinch**—the final effort before success.

Note other meanings of “pinch”
Here **at the last pinch**—is an idiom
a form of expression found only in
one language. Given idioms in
English and in the vernacular.

Line 48. **native cot**—the spider's home or its
web.

„ 49. **bravo**—well done !

„ 52. King Bruce has learnt a lesson. “What
lesson ?

„ 53. braced his mind—determined to try
again.

„ 56. in the end he was successful and
defeated the English at Bannock-
burn in 1314.

Questions.

1. What is an idiom ? Write down six
English and six vernacular idioms. Would you
translate English idioms into vernacular literally ?

2. Write down what you consider Bruce's
thought on seeing the success of the spider.

3. Give in your own words the meaning of :
(a) Lines 1—12. (b) Line 49-52.

4. Use the following words as different part
of speech :

divine, despair, fine, endeavour, thread.

5. Tell the story of the poem in your own
words.

6. Write in indirect form lines 37-40.

YUSSOUF.

Lowell, James Russell (1819-1891). American
poet and essayist.

The central idea of the poem: Hate breeds hate, and violence violence. Similarly, love inspires love. If you treat other people well, other people will generally treat you well. In the long run, trust, and affection will always be answered by trust and affection. By treating people well we encourage them to change their hatred into Kindness. Forgiveness is the noblest form of revenge.

Notes.

- Line 1. **outcast**—cast out from home and friends, homeless and friendless.
- „ 3. Some powerful person is against me.
- „ 9. The stranger is welcome to enjoy Yussouf's hospitality.
- Line 11. **Roof.....day**: Sky.
- „ 16. **before.....bold**: before daylight grows strong enough and discloses who you are.
- „ 18. This line contains the central idea of the poem.
- „ 30. **balanced.....decrees**—God's judgments are always just.

Questions.

1. Point out the (a) metaphors. (b) personifications in the poem.
2. Write a short note on the central idea of this poem.
3. Write sentences containing the words : **behold, partake, glorious, prying.**
4. What do you imagine must have been Ibrahim's feelings when he departed from Yussouf's tent ?

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

G. L. Banks (1821—1881) was a journalist. He wrote several plays and short poems.

This poem tells us what qualities make life worth living and enable us to rise to nobler heights. It might be regarded as an ideal of conduct.

Notes.

- Line 1. 'I live—does not mean merely "I exist."
It really implies that he is appreciative of and stirred by all the qualities he mentions. Note how every begins with "I live."
- „ 3. **that smiles**—implies friendliness, not something fearful.
- „ 4. **human ties**—friendly relations with other people on earth.
- „ 5. **assigned**—given, allotted.
- Lines 5-7. The words 'I live are understood before each of these lines.
- Line 7. The encouragement and stimulus given to others.
- Line 9-10. A noble lesson is learnt from the lives of those who have suffered for the uplifting of mankind.
- Line 11. **emulate**—to try to equal.
- „ 12. **wake**—the track of a ship. Here it means to **follow** or to **imitate their example**. This meaning has nothing to do with **wake from sleep**.
- „ 13. **bards**—singers.
- „ 13. **martyrs**—those who suffer for conscience's sake.
- „ 13. **sages**—wise men, philosophers.

- „ 16. Note **the** metaphor. **Time** is compared with a book, the **pages** of which **are** noble deeds of great men.
- „ 17. **to hold communion**—to share, to take part in.
- „ 18. **divine**—holy.
- „ 21. to learn the lessons that grief teaches.
- „ 22. **another metaphor**—to learn truth from what may not really have happened.
- „ 23. **conviction**—belief.
- „ 24. **We do what we believe God intended us to do.**

Lines 25-32. He lives in hope of welcoming the time, foretold by wise men, when wisdom, and not riches shall be the aim of life, and brotherly love its guiding principle.

(see “Ther’e a Good Time Coming.”)

- „ 25. **hail**—welcome.
- „ 31. **lighted**—by the glow of love.
- „ 32. **Eden**—The Garden of Eden where Adam and Eved lived before they sinned. Paradise.

Verse 5. Note the repetition of certain lines of verse 1.

Questions.

1. Each verse in this poem may be regarded as a short poem in itself. **Paraphrase** the poem, one sentence for each verse.

2. Look out the meaning of Millennium. Give the idea of Millennium as expressed in (a) “There’s a Good Time Coming” and in (b) “**What I Live for.**”

3. Quote any metaphors in the above poem.

Use the other **metaphors** to express the same idea.

4. Translate any verse into the vernacular.

5. Give the **meaning of** (a) Lines 15-16, (b) 17-18, (c) 24 and (d) to profit by affliction.

6. What part of speech is "divine" in line 18? Use "divine" as (a) a verb, (b) a noun.

7. Write nearly in your note-books the following words with the vernacular equivalent of each :—

bard, patriot, martyr, sage, philosopher, prophet.

8. Compare the sound of **bard, barred, prophet, profit**. Give other words pronounced alike but different in meaning.

NOW.

(Miss) A. A. Procter (1825—1864), the daughter of "Patry Cornwall"; wrote several simple songs and poems.

This poem teaches us how foolish and useless it is to dwell in the past or dream about the future. Now—the present—is the time for effort, the time when opportunities can be found, the time for action, the time for success.

Notes.

Lines 1-8 Success in life is compared with success in a fight. The armour is the determination to succeed, and the enemies are idleness, dreams and trials of life.

Line 3. **buckled their armour**—part of the metaphor. It really means they have determined to succeed.

„ 5. **ranks**—of soldiers.

- „ 7. **nothing**—of no account.
- „ 8. **in the face of**—compared with.
- „ 8. **stern To-day**—the difficulties of the present. Why is “**To-day**” written with a capital letter?

Lines 9-16. Another metaphor referring to the knights of old who used to go forth seeking deeds of valour.

Do not **dream** of doing something great : perhaps you may excel, but now is time to be up and doing.

Line 11. **airy**—unreal—because you are only dreaming of doing great deeds. (Note the expressions **castles in the air** or **castles in Spain**, for something unreal.)

Lines 13-14. You may certainly become famous and honoured.

„ 17-24. Do not waste time thinking over the pleasures and pains of the past or regretting lost opportunities. Learn the lesson they teach and put forth your efforts now.

Line 18. Another metaphor. The reference is to the pleasures and troubles of the past.

Lines 19-20. Do not be chained *i.e.* prevented from putting forth your efforts by regretting the opportunities you have lost.

Line 20 **vain**—useless.

„ 21 **she**—the Past. Note how the Past is regarded as a person.

„ 22. Another metaphor Meaning much the

same as lines 19-20.

„ 23. **save**—except.

Lines 25-32. The comparison of this life with a fight is continued in this verse. Temptations are attacking you and you hardly know; opportunities approach you and, unless you are ready to seize them, will pass you by. So be up and doing lest your preparation (the sharpening of the weapons) and your dreams make you too late to succeed.

„ 30. The time will come.

Questions.

1. Read “The Psalm of life.” Compare “Let the dead Past bury its dead” and “Rise if the Past detains you.” Are there any other similar lines ?

2. Show how life is like a battle.

3. What is a proverb ? One English proverb is, “It is no use crying over spilt milk.” What lines in the above mean much the same as this proverb ?

4. Give in your own words the meaning of each verse. Note that each verse is complete in itself, and each might be regarded as a complete short poem).

5. Translate each verse into the vernacular. (Do not attempt to translate literally or word by word. Translate the **idea**).

6. Make up a short address to a class of boys on the text, “Rise, for the day is passing.”

I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY.

Sir Cecil Spring Rice (1859—1918) was an

English poet who wrote a number of short poems and songs.

The poet is true to his country but he is also true to himself. He who is true to himself can never be false to anyone. The poet's patriotism includes the whole of mankind.

Notes.

- Line 3. The poet's love for his country will remain unchanged even when hardships press.
- „ 4. To lay something upon the altar is to offer as sacrifice.
- „ 6. **undaunted**—without fear.
- „ 10. We all have to suffer in our struggle against the forces of evil.

Questions.

1. Write a short essay on patriotism.
2. What is the country of line 7? How is it different from that of line 1?
3. What are the ways of gentleness? Write an essay on nonviolence.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL.

Sir Henry Newbolt, English poet and journalist, was born in 1862. His poems are vivid and sincere in their patriotism.

This poem is a very simple expression of the poet's feelings as he remembers his schooldays. He thinks with pleasure and pride of his School, which he calls "the best School of all."

Notes.

- Line 4. **took stream**—started on an independent career in life.
- „ 12. **last bell**—death.
- „ 17. **sounding vanities**—vain words that speakers use when they make long speeches.
- „ 19. **inanities**—empty words.
- Line 20. **him that treads the pitch**—the “pitch” refers to the field on which a game is played particularly the game of cricket, a popular English game.
- „ 23. **last charge . . . goal**—the last goal that is made before the close of the game.
- „ 25. **tannee the hide**—flogged.
- „ 34. **bide**—last for ever.
- „ 35. **face the countries**—be remembered by those who come after us.
- „ 36. **deepening tide**—death.
- „ 40. **School we handed on**—that is, whose traditions we passed on to others.

Questions.

1. What does the poet say about his school-days ?
2. Whom does he speak of as his “daily foes and friends” ?
3. How may one “honour” one’s school ?
4. Say clearly what you understand by School traditions.
5. Explain “To speak of Fame a venture is.

VITAL LAMPADA.

Sir Henry Newbolt.

To an Englishman cricket is synonymous with straight conduct, honour and all the oth

nized Christian virtues. Cricket stands for all that is finest in the character of an Englishman. When he wants to say that something has been done that is not true and proper, he says, "It's not cricket." "May the best side win!" Let us be gracious both in victory and in defeat.

Notes.

- Line 1. **close**—the school playground.
 „ 2. **ten**—ten runs.
 „ 3. **bumping pitch**—a pitch that makes the ball rise sharply off the ground.
 „ 6. **ribboned coat**—the "blazer" which only members of the school or college First Eleven can wear.
 „ 10. **square**—body of infantry drawn up in rectangular form.
 „ 11. **Gatling**—a machine gun with clustered barrels. Gatling was the name of the inventor.
 „ 13. There has been great bloodshed.
 „ 14. Honour appears to be a meaningless word.
 „ 21. The spirit of sportsmanship acquired in the school and as inspiration all through life.

Questions.

1. Point out the metaphors, similes and personifications in this poem.
2. What is true sportsmanship?
3. Write an essay on the importance of games in the developement of character.
4. What will you say to the player who misses a catch and smites his forehead and curses

the day on which he was born ?

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

Rudyard Kipling.

Read *The Jungle Book* and *Kim*, which should be in your library.

—

This poem though written for English children is suitable for the children of any country. It preaches a strong love for one's country and is a prayer for all children (and men too) to have high ideals and to live nobly in order that the motherland may become great.

Notes.

- Line 1. **pledge**—solemnly promise.
- „ 2. **to be**—to come.
- „ 6. **call**—call to God for help; pray.
- „ 7. **from age to age**—as years pass by.
- „ 8. **undefiled heritage**—a tradition of honour and goodness.
- „ 9. **to bear the yoke**—to learn to obey: uncomplainingly to do what we do not like.
- „ 11. **in our line**—when we become men.
- Lines 11-12. May God make our nation noble and honoured.
- Line 13. **alway**—usually written “alway” in prose.
- „ 14. **controlled**—not compelled by outside authority but controlled by our own conscience.
- Lines 15-16. If it happens that we die for our country let the purity of our lives be worthy of the honour of our country.

Line 16. **maimed**—incomplete, marred, spoilt;
here means unworthy.

Line 17. **ends**—actions, deeds.

„ 19. **uncowed**—unmoved.

Lines 16-20. We should act according to our
conscience and not because we seek
the applause of our friends.

Trusting in God : we should act, careless
whether the mob opposes or supports
us.

„ 23-24. Be strong in honour, so that weaker
people may get encouragement and
help from us.

Line 26. Enjoyment without sneering or wishing
evil to others.

„ 30. A reference to those killed in war.

Questions.

1. Make a list of the prayers.

2. Note that Kipling desires goodness, honour
uprightness and other noble qualities so that we
may be worthy of our country. Other poems deal
with the desire for these virtues but from a diffe-
rent point of view. Name some of these poems
and compare them with this one.

3. Write an essay on "Patriotism", using the
above poem as a guide.

4. What is a pledge? If you are a scout,
write down what pledge you have made.

5. Write sentences containing the words
promise, pledge, oath, so as to bring out the
difference in meaning.

LAUGH AND BE MERRY.

J. Masfield.

John Masfield, born 1876, is the present Poet

Laureate of England. As a youngman he was dissatisfied with the kind of life he was living, and went to sea a sailor. Many of his poems reveal his intimacy with the sea and with life at sea. His style is bold and simple, and he is a master of rhythm.

The theme of this poem, as the title suggests, is "Laugh and be merry." Is it marked by a beautiful cadence that is in keeping with the subject.

Line 1. **better**—Here, and in the next line, the word is used as a verb.

„ 2. **in the teeth of**—against in opposition to.

„ 3. **thread**—the thread of life imagined to be spun and cut by the Fates.

„ 6. **rhyme**—music, poetry.

„ 7. **them**—Heaven and Earth.

„ **cup**—the sky is compared to a wine-cup which is symbolic of joy.

„ 10. **song of the stars**—the reference is to the harmony formed by the regular movements of the heavenly bodies.

„ 14. **guesting**—living together.

„ 14. **inn**—The world is compared to an inn where we spend a short period of our lives.

„ 16. **till the game is played**—till life is over.

Questions.

1. Explain the metaphor contained in line 9. "So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky."

2. Paraphrase lines 13-15—"Laugh and be merry together.....the music ends."

THE SUPPLIANT DOVE

R. T. H. Griffith (1826—1896), a celebrated Sanskrit scholar and Principal of the Benares College.

The poem tells the story of the noble sacrifice of Sivi, a king of ancient Benares. It has been adapted from the *Mahabharata*.

The moral : We should defend the weak and helpless *even at the cost of our own life*.

Notes.

Suppliant—humble petitioner, begging for shelter.

Line 5. **ruffled**—disturbed, disarranged.

„ 9. **realm**—kingdom.

Line 13. **panting**—gasping for breath.

„ 16. **swooping**—making a sudden attack.

„ 34. **twiceborn**—a bird is so called, because it is born first in the shape of an egg and for the second time when it comes out of the egg.

„ 40 **decree**—order.

„ 43 **maw**—stomach.

„ 54 **sinews**—muscles.

„ 65 **chaplets**—wreaths of flowers.

„ 66 **celestial**—divine.

„ 69 **Seraph**—Angel of love and light.

„ 69 **Bard**—singer.

„ 69 **Nymph**—goddess.

Questions.

1. Write notes on Amrit, Seraph, Bard and Nymph.

2. What is the central idea of the poem ?

3. Quote any other example of a similar

sacrifice.

SPEAK GENTLY.

What is the meaning of "Anonymous"?

- Line 1. **gently**—does not mean "softly", but "kindly." Compare "gentleman,"
- „ 3. **harsh**—unkind.
- „ 3. **mar**—spoil, ruin.
- „ 4. **here**—on this earth.
- „ 7. **accents**—words.
- „ 8. It may soon die and then you will be sorry for any unkindness to it.
- „ 10. **grieve**—bring grief to. May be both transitive and intransitive. When intransitive it means "mourn" or "lament."
- „ 10. **care-worn**—tired.
- „ 11. Comparing life to an hour-glass, an instrument for recording the passing of time by means of fine sand running from one part into the other.
- Verse 4. It is so little a thing to speak kindly, for a kind word is remembered and the reward will be gained in another world.

Questions.

1. Look up in your grammar book the meaning of "metaphor." Compare with "simile." Mention one metaphor in the above poem and bring out the comparison clearly.

2. Why do you think it is better to rule by love than by fear? What does ruling by love mean? Note that it does *not mean* letting one do just what one wants.

3. Learn the poem by heart.

4. Write sentences using the word "grieve",
(a) transitively, (b) intransitively.

HAPPINESS.

What is the meaning of "Anonymous?" Which other poems in the book are anonymous?

This small verse might well be a scout's motto.
Learn it by heart.

Questions.

1. Notice that the poem consists of a number of phrases each beginning with the word just. What part of speech is just? Note its meaning as an adjective—a **just** man.

2. What the subject and the predicate of each phrase expanded into a sentence?

3. Note that the poem might be an answer to the question. "What is happiness"? State some of the qualities possessed by a truly happy man.

4. What is the meaning of a "dark hour"?

5. Write down 10 adjectives stating undesirable qualities and 10 desirable.

BE KIND.

Anonymous.

In this poem we are told that we should be kind to our parents in their old age, for they loved us and brought us up when we were young. And we should be kind to our sisters and our brothers, because their love will enrich our lives.

Notes.

Line 1. **fondly**—affectionately,

„ 6. **intermingled**—mixed.

„ 7. **bold**—steady.

- „ 8. **is passing away**—*i.e.*; he is old and his days are nearly over.
 „ 10. **traces of sorrow**—wrinkles.
 „ 14. **breath**—life.
 „ 18. **smile**—favour.
crown—reward; make happy.
 „ 32. **renown**—fame.

Questions.

1. Write a composition on “A mother’s love”.
2. Explain clearly the metaphor contained in lines 19 and 20—“The flowers of feeling . . . be gone.”

SALADIN’S GIFT.

Anonymous.

King Richard I of England took part in the Third Crusade. This was a religious war in which the Christians of Western Europe fought against the Saracens or Muhammedans to win back Jerusalem which was taken by Sultan Saladin in 1187. Richard after a series of romantic achievements, made a truce (September 1192) with Saladin on the basis of right for pilgrims to visit Jerusalem without interference by the Muslims.

Notes.

- Line 1. **King Richard**—Richard I, King of England 1189-1199.
 „ 2. **fray**—battle.
 „ 4. **the saracen**—Saladin. A Saracen is a Mohammedan.
 „ 5. **shaft**—arrow.
 „ 8. **was no more**—was dead.
 „ 10. **with latest breath**—until the very end.
 „ 14. **spurring**—riding.

- „ 15. **he**—*i.e.*; Richard I.
 „ 18. **barb**—a swift horse, the breed of which
 came from Barbary in N. Africa.
 „ 23. **lines**—line of battle.
 „ 27. **knightly token**—honourable gift.
 „ 29. **doffed**—took off. —
 „ 29. **casque**—helmet.
 „ 32. **in sooth**—in truth: truly.
 „ 39. **battle by his side**—be allied with him
 in battle.

Questions.

1. Describe fully the appearance of a Saracen.
2. Compare methods of fighting in the 12th century with modern methods of warfare.
3. Suggest appropriate words to describe the character of Saladin as portrayed in this poem.

